

Mr. Charlesworth

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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HOME COMFORTS.

"WHERE are you going, George?" asked Mrs. Wilson, as her husband rose from the supper-table and took his hat.

"Oh, I'm going out," was the careless response.

"But where?"

"What odds does it make, Emma? I shall be back at my usual time."

The young wife hesitated, and a quick flush overspread her face. She seemed to have made up her mind to speak plainly upon a subject which had lain uneasily on her heart for some time, and she could not let the opportunity pass. It required an effort, but she persevered.

"Let me tell you what odds it makes to me," she said, in kind but tremulous tone. "If I cannot have your company here at home, I should at least feel much better if I knew where you were."

"But you know that I am safe, Emma, and what more can you ask?"

"I do not know that you are safe, George. I know nothing about you when you are away."

"Pooh! Would you have it that I am not capable of taking care of myself?"

"You put a wrong construction on my words, George. Love is always anxious when its dearest object is away. If I did not love you as I do, I might not be thus uneasy. When you are at your place of business I never feel thus, because I know I can seek and find you at any moment; but when you are absent during these long evenings, I get to wondering where you are. Then I begin to feel lonesome; and so one thought follows another, until I feel troubled and uneasy. Oh, if you would

stay with me a portion of your evenings!"

"Ah—I thought that was what you were aiming at," said George, with a playful shake of the head. "You would have me here evenings."

"Well—can you wonder at it?" returned Emma. "I used to be very happy when you came to spend an evening with me before we were married, and I know I should be very happy in your society now."

"Ah," said George with a smile, "Those were business meetings. We were arranging then for the future."

"And why not do so now, my husband? I am sure we could be as happy now as ever. If you will remember—one of our plans was to make a home."

"And haven't we got one, Emma?"

"We have a place in which we live," answered his wife, somewhat evasively.

"And it is our home," pursued George. "And, he added, with a sort of confident flourish, "home is the wife's peculiar province. She has charge of it, and her work is there, while the duties of the husband call him to other scenes."

"Aye, I admit that, so far as certain duties are concerned," replied Emma, but you must remember that we both need relaxations from labour, we need time for social and mental improvement and enjoyment; and what season have we for this save our evenings? Why should not this be my home evenings, as well as in the daytime and in the night?"

"Well, isn't it?" asked George.

"How can it be if you are not here? What makes a home for children, if it be not the abode of the parents? What home can a husband have where there is no wife? And—what real home

comforts can a wife enjoy where there is no husband? Do you not realise how lonesome I am all alone here during these long evenings? They are the very seasons when I am at leisure to enjoy your companionship, and when you would be at leisure to enjoy mine if it is worth enjoying. They are the seasons when the happiest hours of home-life might be passed. Come—will you not spend a few of your evenings with me?"

" You see enough of me as it is," said the husband, lightly.

" Allow me to be judge of that, George. You would be very lonesome here, all alone."

" Not if it were my place of business, as it is yours," returned the young man. " You are used to staying here. All wives belong at home."

" Just remember, my husband, that, previous to our marriage, I had pleasant society all the time. Of course I remained at home much of the time; but I had a father and mother there—and I had brothers and sisters there; and our evenings were happily spent. Finally I gave up all for you. I left the old home and sought a home with my husband. And now, have I not a right to expect some of your companionship? How would you like it to have me away every evening while you were obliged to remain here all alone?"

" Why, I should like it well enough."

" Ah, but you would not be willing to try it."

" Yes, I would," said George, at a venture.

" Will you remain here every evening next week, and let me spend them among my female friends?"

" Certainly I will; and I assure you I shall not be so lonesome as you imagine."

With this the husband went out and was soon among his friends. He was a steady, industrious man, and loved his wife dearly; but, like thousands of others, he had contracted a habit of spending his evenings abroad, and thought of no harm. His only practical idea of home seemed to be that it was a place which his wife took care of, and where he could eat, drink, and

sleep as long as he could pay for it. In short he treated it as a sort of private boarding-house, of which his wife was landlady; and if he paid the bills he considered his duty done. His wife had frequently asked him to stay at home with her, but she had never ventured upon an argument before, and he had no conception of how much she missed him. She always seemed happy when he came home, and he supposed she could always be so.

Monday evening came, and George Wilson remained true to his promise. His wife put on her bonnet and shawl, and he said he would remain and "keep house."

" What will you do while I am gone?" Emma asked.

" Oh—I shall read, and sing, and enjoy myself generally."

" Very well, I shall be back in good time."

The wife went out and the husband was left alone. He had an interesting book, and he began to read it. He read till eight o'clock, and then referred frequently to the dial. The book did not interest him as usual. Ever and anon he would come to a passage which he knew would please his wife, and instinctively he turned as though he would read it aloud; but there was no wife to hear it. At half-past eight he arose from his chair and began to pace the floor and whistle. Then he went and got his flute and performed several of his favourite airs. After this he got a pack of cards, and played a game of "High Low, Jack," with an imaginary partner. Then he walked the floor and whistled again. Finally the clock struck nine, and his wife returned.

" Well, George—I am back in good time. How did you enjoy yourself?"

" Capitally," returned the husband. " I had no idea it was so late. I hope you have had a good time."

" Oh, splendid! I had no idea how much enjoyment there was away from home. Home is a dull place after all. Isn't it?"

" Why—no—I can't say that it is," returned George. " I rather like it."

" I'm glad of that," retorted Emma, " for we shall both enjoy ourselves now. You shall have a nice comfortable week."

George winced at this, but he kept his countenance, and determined to stand it out.

On the next night Emma prepared to go out again.

"I shall be back in good time," she said.

"Where are you going?" her husband asked.

"Oh, I can't tell exactly. I may go to several places."

So George Wilson was left alone again, and he tried to amuse himself as before; but he found it hard work. Ever and anon he would cast his eyes upon that empty chair, and the thought would come, "How pleasant it would be if she were here." The clock finally struck nine, and he began to listen for the step of his wife. Half an hour more slipped by, and he became very nervous and uneasy.

"I declare," he muttered to himself, after he had listened for some time in vain, "this is too bad. She ought not to stay out so late!"

But he happened to remember that he often remained away later than that, so he concluded that he must make the best of it.

At fifteen minutes to ten Emma came.

"A little late, am I not?" she said, looking up at the clock. "But I fell in with some old friends, and we made a time of it. How have you enjoyed yourself?"

"First rate," returned George, bravely, "I think home is a great place."

"Especially when one can have it all to himself," added the wife, with a sidelong glance at her husband.

But he made no reply.

On the next evening Emma prepared to go out as before; but this time she kissed her husband ere she went, and seemed to hesitate.

"Where do you think of going?" George asked, in an undertone.

"I may drop in to see Uncle John," replied Emma. "However, you won't be uneasy. You'll know I'm safe."

"Oh—certainly."

When the husband was left to his own reflections, he began to ponder seriously upon the subject thus pre-

sented for consideration. He could not enjoy himself in any way, while that chair was empty. In short, he found that home had no real comfort without his wife. The one thing needed to make this home cheerful was not present.

"I declare," he said to himself, "I did not think it would be so lonesome. And can it be that she feels as I do, when she is here alone? It must be so," he pursued, thoughtfully. "It is just as she says. Before we were married, she was very happy in her childhood's home. Her parents loved her, and her brothers and sisters loved her, and they did all they could to make her comfortable."

After this he walked up and down the room several times, and then stopped and communed with himself.

"I can't stand this. I should die in a week. If Emma were only here I think I could amuse myself very well. How lonesome and drear it is. And only eight o'clock. I declare—I've a mind to wait down by Uncle John's, and see if she is there. It would be a relief to see her face. She shan't know I held out so faintly."

George Wilson took another turn across the room, glanced once more at the clock, and then took his hat and went out. He locked the door after him, and then bent his steps towards Uncle John's. It was a beautiful, moonlight night, and the air was keen and bracing. He was walking along with his eyes bent upon the sidewalk, when he heard a light step approaching him. He looked up, and—he could not be mistaken—saw his wife. His first impulse was to avoid her, but she had recognised him.

"George," she said, in surprise, "is this you?"

"It is," was the response.

"And do you not pass your evenings at home?"

"This is the first time I have been out, Emma, upon my word, and even now I have not been absent from the house ten minutes. I merely came out to take the fresh air. But where are you going?"

"I'm going home, George. Will you go with me?"

"Certainly," returned the husband. She took his arm, and they walked home in silence.

When Emma had taken off her things, she sat down in her rocking-chair, and gazed up at the clock.

"You came home early to-night," remarked George.

The young wife looked up into her husband's face, and with an expression half-smiling and half-tearful, she answered :

"I will confess the truth, George ; but I could not bear it through to-night. When I thought of you here all alone, I wanted to be with you. It didn't seem right. I haven't enjoyed myself at all. I have no home but this."

"Say you so," cried George, moving his seat to his wife's side, and taking one of her hands. "Then let me make my confession. I have stood it not a whit better. When I left the house this evening I could bear it no longer. I found that it was no home for me when my sweet wife was absent. I thought I would walk down by Uncle John's and see your face if possible. I had gazed upon your empty chair until my eyes ached."

He kissed her as he spoke, and then added, while she reclined her head upon his arm :

"I have learned a very good lesson. Your presence here is like the bursting forth of the sun after a storm ; and if you love me as I do you—which of course I cannot doubt—my presence may afford some sunlight for you. At all events, our next experiment shall be to that effect; I will try and see how much home comfort we can find while we are both here to enjoy it."

Emma was too happy to express her joy in words ; but she expressed it nevertheless ; in a manner, too, not to be mistaken.

The next evening was spent at home by both husband and wife, and it was a season of much enjoyment. In a short time George began to realise how much comfort was to be found in a quiet and peaceful home ; and the longer he enjoyed this comfort the more plainly did he see and understand the simple truth that it takes two to make

a happy home, and that if the wife is one party the husband must be the other.

PLUCK.

PLUCK is the secret of success in life. It is this that wins the battle, and brings down the prize. Pluck is defined as "spirit ; perseverance under opposition or disagreement ; indomitableness ; courage." This is the first element of success in all the enterprises of life, and no man has ever succeeded without it. It always wins in the battle of life. It is not luck. It does not come by chance. Luck never wins battles. It is always on the losing side.

"Luck doth wait standing idle at the gate—

Wishing, wishing all the day,
And at night, without a fire, without a light

And before an empty tray,
Doth sadly say :—

'To-morrow something may turn up ;
To-night on wishes I must sup.'

"Labour goes, ploughing deep the fertile rows—

Singing, singing all the day ;
And at night, before the fire, beside the light,

And with a well-filled tray,
Doth gladly say :—

'To-morrow I'll turn something up ;
To-night on wages earned I sup.'

It takes pluck to meet the emergencies of life, and stand firm. We have many illustrations of this in the history of our race. The Emperor Vespasian tried to swerve Hebridius Priscus, senator of Rome, from his duty. He first attempted to induce him to stay away from the Senate. "While I am Senator I must go." He said, "Well, then, at least be silent there." "Ask me no questions, and I will be silent." "But I must ask your opinion." "And I must say what is right." "But I will put you to death." "Did I ever tell you I was immortal? Do *your* part, *I* will do *mine*. It is yours to kill me, mine to die untroubled ; yours to banish me, mine to go into banishment without grief." That was pluck. It was moral courage in its highest form.

One of the grandest exhibitions of pluck in the history of the pulpit is an

incident in the life of that noble moral hero, Bishop Latimer. One Sabbath when preaching before King Henry the Eighth, he took occasion to tell the corrupt monarch some very plain and pungent truths. This offended the king and he commanded the bishop to recant in his sermon the next Sabbath. He commenced his sermon with a kind of a dialogue: "Hugh Latimer, dost thou know to whom thou art this day to speak? To the high and mighty monarch, the king's most excellent Majesty, that can take away thy life if thou offend; therefore take heed how thou speak a word that may displease." But as if recalling himself, "Hugh, Hugh," said he, "dos't know from whence thou comest, upon whose message thou art sent, and who it is that is present with thee, and beho'deth all thy ways? even the great and mighty God, who is able to cast both soul and body into hell forever; therefore look about thee, and be sure that thou deliver thy message faithfully." Then he confirmed what he had preached the Sabbath before, and urged it more earnestly than ever. The whole court were thunder-struck, and expected to see him lose his head. After dinner, the king called for Latimer, and asked him how he durst preach after that manner. He answered that the duty to God and his prince had informed him thereunto; and now he had discharged his conscience and duty both in what he had spoken, his life was in his Majesty's hands. Upon this the king arose from his seat, and taking the good man from his knees, embraced him in his arms, saying, he blessed God that he had a man in his kingdom that durst deal so plainly and faithfully with him. This was pluck based on moral obligation to his God, and his king. This is the pluck that conquers the world, and makes moral heroes of God's humble servants.

There is an Eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an Ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.

There is an Arm that never tires
When human strength gives way;
There is a Love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.

WAS IT A LOSS?

It was Margaret's wedding-day in a fortnight, and I had to be present, so I looked over all my dresses, but not finding anything at all suitable, I came to the conclusion I must buy a brand new one. I had just five pounds, and I thought that I could manage nicely with that, and I started at eleven o'clock in quest of something suitable, but an unusual fear of losing my precious five pounds seized me, so I carefully carried my purse in my hand. In about half an hour, when I had nearly arrived at the shop I was going to, I took out my watch, and on replacing it I missed my purse. I was sure I had had it a few minutes before, and I had only come down a country lane where no one was about, so I retraced my steps, looking here and there and everywhere, but no purse was to be found, and I arrived at home disappointed and tired, and I bitterly lamented my carelessness. Our old servant, Martha, found me sitting disconsolate, and she tried to cheer me up by saying, "Don't be disheartened, miss, I daresay you'll get it again; write a notice and put it up at Mr. Brown's (the post-office), offering a reward."

I had very small hope, I might say none; but I took her advice, and sure enough there came a ring at the bell next evening, and a poorly but neatly clad woman placed my purse in my hand. The money was quite safe inside, and at first I thought of giving her one of the sovereigns, but when I had heard her tale, I said I would come and see her, which I did next day. Her sad poverty and undeserved distress awakened my strongest sympathy, and I felt I could not do less than leave her two sovereigns. To describe her gratitude at thus being unexpectedly saved from ruin is impossible, and she and I have been friends ever since, and she says she owes it to my visit and to those two sovereigns that she and her family are not in their graves or else inmates of the workhouse, instead of being happy, respectable, and respected as they now are. Looking back at the results, I feel deeply thankful that I was the instrument of doing so much

good all through the "accident" of my carelessly losing my purse. With respect to the wedding garment, I purchased something pretty and suitable with the remaining three pounds, and old Martha showed me how to make it up myself, and it fitted beautifully, at least everybody said so, perhaps because I was so pleased at being able to have a new dress of any sort to come in, and because I was radiant with happiness at the thought of the service the other two pounds had been the means of rendering to my poor friend ; and then, and how often since then, have I asked myself the question, "Was it a loss ?"

THE REDEEMING LOVE.

THE whole world has been called and redeemed. In the four Gospels of the New Testament we are repeatedly told by the meek Redeemer himself that such is the truth. And again in the Acts of the Apostles is that same truth enforced upon us by the representatives of that same Redeemer. All men are the children of God, and God is the boundless source of all love, the never-drying spring from which every drop of the divine essence comes. He has put love into the hearts of His children on earth, and even in the dumb creatures of the air and forest we may trace some shade of God's wonderful love, for have not they compassion unto their young ? How then can we, who are the offspring of the God of eternal love, think that He will turn away in wrath from one of His children ? Do we believe that there lives, or ever has lived upon this earth, a single father who would cast a child from him into an endless future of unutterable woe, no matter how wicked or disobedient that child may have been ? Let us take David for an instance. What greater wrong or insult could a son have offered to a father than Absalom did to David, when with fair words and false speeches he sought to turn the hearts of the people against his father, and even raised an army in rebellion against him ? And yet, listen to David when he sends forth his armies to stay the revolt. The grey head is bowed not in anger but in sorrow, and the great true

heart is breaking. But in tones firm and stern he gives forth his command : "Deal gently for my sake with the young man, even with Absalom." And listen to his touching, heartrending lament when the news of that son's death reaches him at last. "Oh, Absalom, my son, my son ! Oh, that I had died for thee ! Oh, Absalom, my son ! If the love of man is so great, how much greater is the love of God ? Every drop of love that fills the soul of man comes from God. God's love cannot be measured or fathomed ; it is from everlasting to everlasting. Therefore we must see that it is against the whole law and nature of the Divine Being that He should turn away in wrath from one of His children. But let us suppose for a moment that this doctrine of eternal torture for the sinning and unbelieving be the true one. What would be the result ? We should behold in the Divine Father traits of character that we should condemn in our fellow-men. We should cease to think of God as a tender, loving, merciful Father. He would become to us then a harsh, exacting judge—one who will deal out to us hard, stern justice, without any mingling of that mercy which is "mightiest in the mighty, and even on earth becomes the crowned monarch better than his crown." We should fear God, but we could not love Him. Men would become either utterly hardened and careless, or fearful abject cowards, and repentance would be more fear for the punishment of sin than actual sorrow for the sin itself. Our ideas of heaven must also become in every way less blissful, for we must certainly think of the saints as being very unhappy or very selfish, otherwise how would it be possible for them to rejoice in their own salvation, seeing that all these must perish ? But away with such a doctrine ! Cast it from you, trample on it. It is an insult to God—a cruel wicked dogma. And striving to follow in the footsteps of him who wept, and sorrowed, and suffered for us, may we cling with rejoicing hope to a firm belief in a final reunion of the broken bond between heaven and earth, and of eternal love between God and all men.

JULIA ALLEN.

MASTER PRYDEN AT CHURCH.

MR. and Mrs. Pryden took their little boy to church on Sunday. It was his first day in pants and his first time in church. For the first half of the service he was fully absorbed in things about him and the novelty of the situation. After that his mind turned in upon himself, and he began to pay exclusive attention to his own wants, and Mr. and Mrs. Pryden, from an exultant feeling of pride, gradually slipped down an inclined plane of anxiety which emptied into an abyss of despair. The number of positions the youth got into and the wants he manifested would seem incredible were they not actually witnessed by a full score of respectable people. As soon as he took in a realising sense of his own identity, Master Pryden began to comprehend and respond to the demands of his nature. He got up on his knees on the seat and stared at the choir. He twisted back again to the front, and was only saved from falling to the floor by the alertness of his pa. The floor being thus suggested to him he got down on it. Then he got up on the seat again. From this place he desired to change to a position between his pa and ma. He was accommodated. After resting quietly there for twenty seconds he changed to the other side of his pa. Thence he moved to his pa's lap. From there he went to the other side of his ma. This was evidently a mistake, for he immediately expressed a wish to get back to the other side of his pa, and on their attempting to lift him there he kicked and cried, and was only silenced by being allowed to walk the distance, which he did at once. The motion so pleased him that he went straight back away again and tried it over. Also for the second and third time. Then he got up again between his pa and ma. Then he espied a gilt-backed book in the rack of the next pew, and reaching over to get it came within an ace of depositing his entire carcass on the other side, but was clutched in time by both of his parents and hauled safely back, very red in the face and very indignant. Disappointed in this venture, he turned his attention to the

rack in his own pew, and possessed himself of the books therein, which being taken away from him, made it necessary that he should get them again. These he dropped on the floor one at a time, and smiled the guileless smile of infancy as they were picked up by his embarrassed parents. Pretty well exhausted, he now prepared for sleep, and rested his head upon his mother's breast and closed his eyes. His parents sighed. Then he slipped down on the floor, sliding in such a way as to leave quite an expanse of white goods between his pants and jacket, and to roll the collar of the jacket up on the back of his head. The clothing was adjusted, his ma whispered in his ear for the fortieth time, and his pa scowled so hard as to nearly dislodge his own scalp. He saw the scowl and sullenly sank down on the floor, from which he had to be lifted by main force. Then he took out the hymn books again, and was going to drop them as before, when his pa interfered and rescued them. He resented the liberty by throwing back his head, which, coming in sharp contact with the back of the seat, wrenched from his lips a sharp cry. The unhappy mother endeavoured to stifle in her shawl so much of the wail as she could not whisper away, while his pa's face was full of great drops of perspiration, of which pa himself was conscious. The wail not abating, pa's knife containing four blades was brought into service, and the cry was hushed. For a moment he was absorbed in the contemplation of this object, and then he let it drop. There was no carpet in the pew. Two-thirds of the congregation raised from their seats, and Mr. Pryden himself almost came to a perpendicular. When the hymn was given out and sung, and the benediction pronounced, Mr. and Mrs. Pryden, with their heir between them, started for home, Mr. Pryden being so warm that he took off his overcoat and gave a boy ten cents to carry it home for him.—*Danbury News.*

THE RIGHT VIEW.—The praises of others may be of use in teaching us not what we are but what we should be.

HOW WE WENT UP THE CORVATSCH.

WELL I suppose I must tell you first that the Corvatsch is a Swiss mountain, about 13,000ft. high (above sea level), and that we started from Pontresina, which is 6000ft. above sea level, so we had 7000ft., or about one and a quarter miles, to climb perpendicularly.

The beginning is the half of everything as the Greek proverb says, and the first thing was to settle we'd do it, and the next to find out how large a party we should be, and how many guides we should want.

Eventually five gentlemen and three ladies determined to make a try for it, and we accordingly hired three guides, who said that, as the snow was unusually deep, we must start not a minute later than four, which meant breakfast at half-past three. Then arose an unexpected difficulty. The landlord at first declared he would not supply breakfast at such an early hour, and as the matter had been left to me I was afraid I should break down in the commissariat department at the very start. I explained that we were a party of eight, and that the ladies could not possibly start without a hot breakfast; and when the landlord talked about getting up the tired servants, suggested that a douceur which I was quite ready to pay would considerably modify the servants' objections; and so the landlord yielded.

Behold us, then, having finished our breakfast a few minutes after four (although one gentleman did not make his appearance till four), ready to start.

The morning was decidedly cold, so we filled the three carriages that were to drive us the four miles to the Roseg Thal, the commencement of our ascent, with wraps; and we needed them all while driving, as, although it was the beginning of August, 1879, there was a sharp white frost at that early hour.

We met our three guides at the Roseg Thal Inn, and we started thence punctually at 5 a.m., which was the time appointed, and commenced our steady, steep climb up a tolerable easy footpath. Guides always begin climbing excessively slowly when there is a

long ascent, so some of our party began to get almost impatient at the little progress we appeared to make, but we arrived at the snow in about an hour, and then halted to be tied, or, as it is technically called, "roped" together in three parties, with one guide in front of each, and we were strictly cautioned to step exactly in the footsteps of the guide at certain parts of our progress, as there were deep crevasses (or chasms) in the ice which were covered and bridged over by the deep snow, and down which some of our party might slip unless they carefully followed the exact path taken by the guide.

At some parts the snow was very soft, so that some of our party went nearly up to their necks once, but generally we penetrated about 2ft. to the next layer of rather harder snow; but I think most of the party, when we had been walking for one hour and a-half up the steep slope, sinking up to our knees every step, were not at all displeased to hear that another hour at the same pace would land us on the summit, and we did it slightly under the hour, having accomplished the whole ascent from the time we left the carriages in three hours and twenty-five minutes; and as the guide-books allow four hours, and the snow was exceptionally deep, we thought that the three ladies, to say nothing of the gentlemen of our party, had done "very fairly well."

To describe the view from the summit is impossible. Mountain rose upon mountain, peak upon peak, and even the far-distant cone of Mont Blanc was declared to be distinctly visible, though I confess I was unable myself to see it very clearly.

Then, to tell the truth, we were all fully prepared to do justice to our sandwiches and wine-and-water or the cold tea which some of our party preferred, and we were specially and unusually fortunate in the absence of wind, which very often prevents any but the shortest stay on the peak. So we remained a full hour enjoying our lunch and the prospect, and anticipating the delights of a good slide, or glissade, as the French call it, down the snow slopes.

Our guide sat down on the snow, then

I sat behind him, passing my legs round him and holding on by his collar, and the next man did the same after me, and then down we went at a tremendous pace for about half a mile. The others of our party, similarly behind their guides, followed down the path we had made. We had several of these slides, more or less steep, one place being so steep that we must have gone down it at the rate of nearly twenty miles an hour, the snow from the guide's boots passing in a fountain clean over our heads.

Experienced mountaineers come down in a more scientific way, but on so steep a slope the guides insisted on our riding in the manner described—one behind the other, and also in our remaining roped together in case of accident.

Sliding in this way we soon got down the other side of the mountain, descending towards the beautiful lake of Silva Plana. Here the rule is that after a good glass of milk you take a carriage to return to Pontresina, which is about nine miles distant, but all the party, even the ladies, declared that they were not in the least fatigued, and insisted on walking.

The footway passes through St. Mauritz Bad, where we examined the old Bath-house, and tasted the spring, which, as we were hot and thirsty, we drank eagerly, though it had a somewhat inky flavour, from the quantity of iron contained in it.

The rest of our path should have been through shady woods, but this year a caterpillar has devoured the leaves or pins of the whole forest of larches, giving the trees at a distance the appearance of having been destroyed by fire, and rendering the walk in the woods anything but pleasant from the quantity of grubs and cobwebs with which the air was filled; but we were in a mood for enjoying everything, so we did not mind the sun, or the dust, or the caterpillars, but marched on in high spirits back to our hotel, where we arrived about three o'clock, just twelve hours from the time we were awakened in the morning, having all of us thoroughly enjoyed our day up the Pitz Corvatsch.

A SKETCH.

THE SOURCE OF SUCCESS.

THE following words by the present Archbishop of Canterbury merit great attention :—

“ Some take a gloomy view respecting the younger clergy of our Church. . . . When I hear such complaints I have ever present with me the image of a young man entering on the duties of his ministry with all the ardour of a well-spent youth ; pure, gentle, loving, and beloved ; growing from his earliest years under the shadow of the Church ; with every advantage of education and social position ; endowed by God with good abilities ; using all for his Master's service ; mixing in society which became his station, but never amid the calls of society forgetting his heavenly calling. Such a young clergyman was my dear son. Trained from childhood in the fear of God by his mother, ever bearing on his heart the impression of that heavy calamity which had desolated his home at Carlisle in his seventh year, and had taken from him in six weeks the five sisters who were his playmates, he had passed safely through the trials of Eton, of Christ Church, and of foreign travel, and now he began his work as a village pastor, full of Christian kindness of heart, greatly beloved and respected, inspiring all his friends with bright hopes for his future. He was called away early, but not before he had done somewhat, through the influence he exercised on the wide circle of his friends and relatives, to recommend a manly, simple form of Church of England Christianity, thoroughly genuine in its attachment to the great truths of the Gospel, yet ready to welcome every improvement in the Church's system which the growing knowledge and experience of the age he lived in could add to the stores of wise teaching bequeathed from old days.

“ He had, indeed, exceptional advantages in his training for the ministry, through the post in the Church to which it had pleased God to call me while he was yet a child. But these advantages brought also with them, it must be remembered their own peculiar tempta-

tions, so that, on the whole, perhaps he was not more highly favoured in the preparation for his life's work than a thousand others, and I am confident there were amongst his contemporaries many who were like-minded with him, who are, thank God, still living to be the salt of the Church in which they minister.

"And here let me picture something of the influence of a young clergyman who had finished his University course with credit, his mind well stored with what he has read, and his reading supplemented with some knowledge of the world, bringing to his work in a country village at once the devotion of an earnest Christian spirit and the refinement of his early training. He occupies, say, as my son did, a small lodging in the village street, his house not distinguishable outside from the abodes of his poor neighbours, unless there be a bright flower or two more carefully cultivated than is common in the patch of ground which separates his front-door from the street. You go into the little low-roofed parlour, which corresponds on the left of the entrance with the kitchen on the right. At once you observe that there is something very different here from what you expect to find in such a cottage—a well-filled bookcase of carefully bound books, bearing many of them perhaps the names of Eton friends from whom they are presents; a few ornaments in good taste, transported from college rooms; good prints hanging on the walls—the whole personal arrangements of the lodger contrasting with the old cottage furniture still left in the rooms by the landlady, whose kindly regard he has completely won, and whose pride and care it is to minister to his comfort. You are soon made conscious that from this humble lodging in the village street there goes forth amongst the labourers and mechanics and poor washerwomen, who live in houses of similar proportions, the same sort of civilising influence which has its chief seat in the adjoining rectory, and in many country parishes, also, thank God, in the more distant hall. The inner life of the curate's lodging is sanctified by prayer.

not private only, but with the small household. He is but a lodger, and yet he calls together the landlady and her maid-servant, and his groom-boy that they may worship and read together as members of a Christian family. I am speaking of things as they ought to be, and very often are in the Established Church of England and as I know they were in Saltwood in my son's time. The young curate in the vigour of his strength, as a son with a father, works with the rector. Late in the evening he goes out from his comfortable fireside to hold services and give instructions for those who are not accessible to the ordinary ministrations of the Church. As he has also undertaken the charge of those who live in a thickly populated poor district or a neighbouring town on the outskirts of the parish, he must minister in their school-rooms, at a distance from their parish church. The morning finds him attending the daily service or visiting the school. He has the zeal of youth, and apparently as yet the strength of youth, and both are sanctified by an earnest faith in the Unseen, and in supernatural helps at hand to supply the defects of his personal weakness.

" What other profession opens such a field for a young Englishman of religious mind? What blessings may the young pastor receive in his own soul towards the deepening of every good element in his character from the atmosphere of hearty Christian sympathy with his fellow-men which he habitually breathes?

"The young men he especially gathers round him. He recognises in the labouring lads the same elements of good and evil, the same temptations to vice, and the same inducements to resist it, which made up the struggle of the lives of his own coevals at school and college; and he feels himself able to aid them by his experience, ever ready to be their guide, and not keeping coldly away from their amusements.

"But this busy life of outward activity does not engross him. He has few temptations to squander his time in the frivolities of society, and therefore, though with difficulty, he

His leisure for study—his study of God's Word and of books which help the understanding of it, quickened the sense that he has each week prepare a public address which demands methodical arrangement of thoughts, and efforts after the best way of expressing them.

"A happy life truly and a useful."

FIGHTING THE STORM.

"A FEARFUL day, neighbour Scheffer!" "You say truly, neighbour Balt; there has been nothing like it since the great storm. Heaven have pity on us!" So muttered to each other the villagers of Seckendorf, as they crouched behind the rocks along the river bank in the gray of that wild March morning, with a hurricane such as no living man could remember rushing and roaring down the valley. Young and old, even babies and bed-ridden grandmothers, were all gathered there; for it was no time to linger within walls which cracked and groaned with every blast, and might at any moment come crashing down in one mass of ruin.

Even in that sheltered spot the jackets of the men and the long hair of the women flapped in the wind like torn canvas; but out in the open ground the fury of the storm was fearful to look at. All trees were bending like whips, huge stones crashing down the surrounding ridges, twigs and even large ranches flying through the air like taws; while on the unsheltered uplands, more than one shepherd's hut had been literally blown to pieces, and lay trewn far and wide over the hillside, a hapless wreck of shattered timbers.

But even more fearful was the sight of the flooded river below, which, swollen by weeks of rain, and lashed into fury by the tremendous gale, went roaring down the narrow valley with a roar that seemed to shake the very rocks that walled it in; and as the peasants stood gazing at it, one of them, a stalwart herdsman from the upland pastures, pointed with a sudden pallor on his sunburned features, to the little cottage that stood on an island in the centre of the stream, at the window of which a human face had just shown itself.

"It's the ferryman and his family," whispered one; "they haven't had time to escape."

"God help them, then!" muttered another; "it's all over with them now!"

At that moment the clatter of hoofs was heard along the stony road, and a single horseman came tearing down toward the bank, his white hair and his horse's mane streaming on the wind like a pennon. A murmur ran through the crowd as he approached: "It's our master—it's the Count of Hildesheim!"

Even before he reached the spot, the Count had evidently seen the danger of the island family; for his first words were:

"Two hundred thalers to the man who saves them. Who will go?"

The men looked at each other in silence. There were no faint hearts among them; but the bravest man might well have shrunk from the boiling whirl of foam, in whose grasp the strongest boat would have been as nothing. More than one eye kindled, more than one hand clenched itself; but nobody stepped forward. And at that moment a huge wave went roaring up over the islet, and striking the cottage wall tore it away like paper, while the shrieks of the children and their mother, who were now plainly visible, were heard even above the howling of the storm.

"Will you let them perish before your eyes?" roared the Count. "If I were ten years younger I'd go myself!"

Just then a solitary figure, which seemed to have risen through the earth, so suddenly did it appear, was seen on the very brink of the river, launching a small boat. In another instant boat and man vanished together into the whirlwind of spray that filled the air. The Count clutched his horse's mane, and his lips moved as if in prayer; while more than one stifled cry broke from the peasants as the little bark at length reappeared close to the islet, dancing like a feather amid the roaring waves that surged up around. But the ferryman had seen the coming help and prepared for it. In an instant his wife was lowered down, with her baby in her arms. The two other children

followed ; but alas ! there was no room for the father in the tiny skiff, already overloaded.

The two brave men exchanged a look, and understood each other. Off went the boat, shooting down the foaming current like an arrow. More than once all seemed over ; but the oarsman's hand was sure, and at last, far down the stream, he brought his charge safe to land. Then, without halting a moment, he seized the tow rope, and dragging his boat up to the point whence he had started, shot out into the raging flood once more.

"God be with him !" cried the Count, fervently ; "no other man in Saxony would have dared such a deed !"

Stoutly did the gallant man strain at his task ; but he came only just in time. The ferryman had barely leaped into the boat when the whole building came crashing down. In an instant the whole crowd was in motion, and, headed by the Count himself they rushed down the bank to meet the rescued man and his deliverer as they touched the shore.

"There, my brave fellow !" cried the old noble, holding out his purse to the oarsman ; "never was money better earned !"

"Not so, Sir Count," answered the other ; "God has enabled me to keep myself by the work of my own hands, and I need nothing more. Give your gold to this poor man and his family, who have lost their all."

And without awaiting a reply, he turned on his heel and disappeared.

SCHOOL LIFE.
BY MRS. F. B. AMES.
THE TEACHER.

"Lord ! with what care hast thou begirt us round ! Parents first season us. Then schoolmasters deliver us laws. They send us bound to rules of reason."

Showered with benefits.—Why are our times better to live in than any the world has yet known ? Because we have the advantage of all the past, and because what used to be for the few only is now put within reach of so many. Think ! thousands and thousands of persons are now constantly planning, working, and writing that you may be well-educated. Think of

the money spent, the buildings erected, the books printed, the men and women who spend years of preparation, the things may be done in the best way.

The Teacher.—One person, especially, every day puts care, patience, wisdom into the work of *shaping* you. A teacher is an artist moulding children. What artist so noble as the noble teacher ! Dr. Arnold, the great Rugby teacher, trained a generation of English boys in truth, honour, and purity, so that England is a better country to-day for his school-work. The great Fenelon thought he could do no better work than "teach" the young French prince. Our great Professor Agassiz loved to be known as just a "Teacher." But however good your shaper, you must help him. If you turn out misshapen, is it all his fault ? How can you help him ?

1. *Seek the Teacher's friendship.*—One gets more education from knowing well good people than from knowing well good books ; and generally the teacher is worth knowing well. Do not let misunderstandings, then, come between you two. *Try* ; show you can be trusted ; own up to faults when committed ; *help the teacher keep his school*, so far as you are concerned—and, depend upon it, you have one "friend" in the school-room you can trust to "like" you.

2. *How to take reproof.*—It is the teacher's duty to correct faults and mistakes ; else, why go to school ? Some rare persons have the gift of correcting so that you feel like saying "Thank you !" But reproof is a service, and the manner of it should not be too much thought of. There is a gift of *taking* correction, also : have you it ? A boy taught to say "Thank you" when reproved, in later life gets the good of correction without paying the price of ill-temper—a very profitable secret to know. Abraham Lincoln was a fine example of a large-minded man who could bear fault finding.

3. *Criticising the Teacher.*—But it is not what the scholar is for to criticise the teacher ; and evil is sure to follow the habit. Picking flaws in one's elders breeds conceit in boys and girls, and leads to off-hand slanders. Have

u never "borne false witness" in our rapping criticisms? Not that the teacher is perfect. But who is? And member how tired and tried such courers often are. Think of a home where the children habitually criticise the father and mother! Better an imperfect father and mother who are treated with reverence than better and wiser parents who are treated with disrespect.

4. *Help to preserve the laws of the school and the laws of right.* What is the difference between the school-laws and the laws of right? Is cheating wrong everywhere? Is whispering wrong everywhere? Why is it wrong in school? Can fifty persons together in a room behave as freely as where there are only five? Why not! "All for each" and "Each for all,"—think what those two phrases mean in school-life.

THE POOR.

God bless the poor! Their great unselfishness, their self-denial, make our spirits rise in sympathy, and tears start to our eyes. How much they help each other in distress! Of what they have, so generously give; they pitifully tend the suffering one; he who has little gives to who has none, although, with hardest toil, they barely live.

God bless the poor! What loving gratitude they show for such small favours that we blush in very shame, and fain would bid them hush, for pain us with their thanks—expressed in rude but oh! such touching, earnest words, the which make our hearts cry—remembering how they live, low little many of us do or give—O, help the poor, Lord, and forgive the rich!

God bless the poor! Surely their many sins are scarcely, in fair truth, deemed their own. And when they stand before th' Almighty's throne, there penitence a pardon ever wins, will not a wave of tender mercy flow into their hearts, cleansing away the ill, y, e'en the dark, deep stain of guilt, until their sins, though scarlet, shall be white as snow?

M. R.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S CONQUEST.

BRONSON ALCOTT, of Boston, once told Joseph Cook, and Joseph Cook told everybody he met, that he made it a regulation in his school that, if a pupil violated a rule, the master should substitute his own voluntary sacrificial chastisement for that pupil's punishment; and this regulation almost Christianised his school.

"One day," Mr. Alcott said, "I called up before me a pupil who had violated an important rule. All the school was looking on, and knew the rule and the penalty. I put the ruler into the offender's hand; I extended my own hand; I told him to strike. Instantly I saw a struggle begin in his face. A new light sprang up in his countenance. A new set of shuttles seemed to be weaving a new nature within him. I kept my hand extended, and the school was in tears. The boy struck once, and burst into tears. He seemed to be in a bath of fire, which was giving him a new nature. He seemed transformed by the idea that I should suffer chastisement in the place of his punishment, and ever after was the most docile pupil in the school, though he had at first been the rudest."

Now this is very affecting, and reasonable and striking. The incident came to the knowledge of Willis K. Stoddard, who for some years past had been teaching a district school in Iowa. He read this extract from one of Joseph Cook's lectures, and never forgot the great moral it conveyed. And, indeed, he privately informed a clergyman with whom he was very intimate, that he didn't think he ever would forget it.

Young Mr. Stoddard had some few pretty hard boys in school. They were big and noisy, and rough, and turbulent. He had reasoned with them, he had expostulated, he had begged and wept. He had whipped them until his arms ached, and the directors had threatened to dismiss him for unnecessary severity and absolute cruelty, and the boys grew worse and worse every day. But when he was at his wits' end, and was seriously thinking of running away and losing all his back salary, rather

than stay at the school, he read this incident, and it gave his troubled mind new light. He treasured it up, and thought it might help him.

He had treasured it up probably half a day when, one bright June afternoon, Samuel Johnson, the biggest and strongest and worst of all the big, bad boys, violated all the rules of the school, one after another, as fast as he could think of them, and wound up by tearing seven leaves out of his geography. These he crammed into his mouth, and, when he had chewed them into a pulp, he took the "wad" into his hand, and propelled the whole mass with great violence into the ears of Ellis Haskell, who, although also big and bad—a little bad—was not possessed of sufficient presence of mind to look calm and unconscious under this avalanche, merely because the eye of his teacher was upon him, and he accordingly signified his very natural dismay and astonishment by a universal howl.

Mr. Stoddard called Samuel Johnson up to his desk, and, more calmly than was his custom under such circumstances, told him to go out and bring in a switch. The pupils noticed there was something unusually gentle in the teacher's manner, and it struck Samuel Johnson very forcibly that it was certainly very much out of the ordinary method of procedure for the culprit to be accorded the privilege of cutting his own switch. But he was not the boy who would fail to appreciate and make the best use of his privileges and opportunities. So he did not idly waste his time, but presently returned with a very peaceful-looking switch indeed—a switch apparently far gone in the last stages of consumption—the sickliest switch!

"Now," said Mr. Stoddard, with a gentle, compassionate intonation, "strike me!"

Samuel Johnson, who had already begun to unbutton his own jacket, opened his mouth wide, and the whole school stared in speechless amazement. Mr. Stoddard calmly repeated his order. He thought he could see the "new set of shuttles beginning to work." "Some one," he said—and a woman could not

have spoken more tenderly—"some one must suffer for the infraction of the rules. I do not punish any of you for any pleasure it gives me to see you suffer. I do it because justice demands it. Some one must be punished, and I will suffer chastisement in your stead." The teacher saw "new light spring up" in Samuel Johnson's countenance. The boy looked at his teacher, and then at his switch. The teacher could "see a struggle begin in the face." Presently the tears sprang to Samuel Johnson's eyes, and he said in a voice suffused with anxiety: "Hadn't I better go out and get a bigger switch?"

The teacher softly told him he might do so if he wished, and Samuel Johnson went out and was gone ten minutes—ten long, anxious, quiet, wondering minutes. When he returned, the school smiled. He carried in his hand a switch that looked like a Russian peace commissioner. He had cut it out of an Osage hedge, and, when he held it where the sunlight could fall upon it, it looked wickeder than John Morrissey's faro parlours. It was about seven feet long, an inch and three-quarters thick at the butt, and was limber and twisted, and knots and knobs clear down to the point. The boy's face shone with a bright glow of conscientious satisfaction as he balanced this switch and drew it through his hard, strong, and muscular hands.

Mr. Stoddard stood up and folded his arms. Then he said, with a sad, sweet look at the culprit, "Now strike me." The school just sat still and held its breath.

Samuel Johnson did not act in greedy and unseemly haste, as though he were meanly and wickedly glad to have this opportunity of hitting his dear teacher. He conducted himself like a boy who has a painful duty to perform, but is compelled by conscientious motives to perform it thoroughly. He pulled off his jacket; he rolled up his sleeves; he spat on his hands, and took a two-handed grasp on the switch. Twice he changed the position of his feet to get a better brace. Then he drew a long, deep breath, raised his arms, and the

itch just shrieked through the air
e a wild, mad, living thing.
Old Mr. Hargis, the senior director,
o lives only a mile and a-half away
m the school-house, says he was out
l his field ploughing, and when Mr. Stoddard let off his first yell, the old
n's first impression was that the
ool-house had been struck by light-
ng. The clear sky, however, disproved
e theory; and the next time the
cher shouted, the director was con-
nced that a steamboat had gone
ray and was whistling for a landing
newhere up the creek. While he
s trying to hold his terrified horses
other volley of sound came sweeping
er the land like a vocal cyclone, and
d Mr. Nosengale, who had been deaf
enty-three years, came running over,
y he believed they were fighting
wn at the quarries. By this time
ey were joined by the rest of the
ighbours, and the excited populace
at thronging on toward the school-
use.

In accepting Mr. Stoddard's resignation, the directors considerably allowed him pay for the full term, and, in a series of complimentary resolutions, spoke of his efficiency in the highest terms, although it transpired that the board was privately agreed, after all the facts had been laid before it, that he was too much of a "natural-born fool" to suit a practical locality. Mr. Stoddard is not teaching anywhere this summer. He spends most of his time leaning face foremost against the chimney-piece in his rooms.—*American.*

A GIFT BOOK.

WE have just conned the pages of a sweet and interesting a little book as it has ever been our pleasure to handle, with the title, "Betrothals and Bridals." We call it a capital gift book for young people, or even for some who are not young, of matter both in the form of prose and poetry devoted to almost every question of courtship and marriage. There is quite a fund of pleasant information on marriage customs, modes of courtship, &c. &c. A copy will be sent on the receipt of thirteen postage stamps to W. Hill and Son, 60, Bishopsgate-street, London.

LEARN TO SUFFER AND BE STRONG.

I LONG for pastures fresh and fair,
I long for days made free from care;
By crystal streams I fain could rest,
Where purer thoughts might fill the breast;
"But," saith the poet in his song,
"Child, learn to suffer and be strong."

Tell me, can strength through suffering come?
Shall I through absence prize my home?
From feverish nights of long unrest,
Shall the day-dawn find me refreshed?
O, poet, what meaneth your song,
"Learning to suffer and be strong?"

Why, every waymark of my life,
Shows signs of suffering and of strife;
And mem'ry bringeth oft to me
The wreck of the hopes that were to be,
I've learned life's lesson all along,
I've suffered, yet I am not strong.

E'en life's bright days have been o'ercast
With fears of ill or griefs just past;
And when my dear ones I have pressed
With rapture closely to my breast,
Death claimed and took them—am I wrong?
I've suffered, but I am not strong.

And so I might keep counting o'er
Life's shipwrecks, e'en from shore to shore;
But Faith and Hope, with kindly hand,
Point the faint heart to that fair land,
Where we one day may join the song,
"Through suffering I am made strong."

M. B.

CHILDREN'S ANSWERS.—Some Swiss girls were being taught in a Sunday school lately out of the book of Jonah, and the question was put, "Who has the largest mouth?" and one little girl answered, "Pharisees."—"How so?" was the inquiry, "How so?" "Because they eat widows' houses," was the juvenile's reply. The above incident was stated by M. Dandriken at the Bale Conference, and also the following one:—"I was once addressing the children from the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. I showed them the poverty and wretchedness of Lazarus and the ease and luxury of the rich man on earth, and then the bliss of Lazarus and the misery of Dives in the world to come. I asked them which of the two they would like to be. After a pause, a little boy rose and said, 'Please, I should like to be the rich man on earth, but Lazarus in heaven.'"

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

THINK WELL OF OTHERS.—It is certain that nine times out of ten we are nearer the truth in thinking well of persons than ill. Human nature is a tree bearing good as well as evil, but our eyes are wide-open to the latter and half-closed to the former.

THEOLOGY AND SCIENCE RECONCILED.—A deacon in the olden times was sorely troubled about the scientific assertion that the sun was a stationary body, and did not move around the earth. "For," said he to his minister, "didn't Joshua command the sun to stand still?" "Very well," said the dominie, "show me, if you can, the passage of Scripture where it says that Joshua ever commanded the sun to move again."

"TAKE HOLD AND HELP."—A school teacher relates the following incident as observed from her window:—"Two coloured men were engaged in loading cotton bales. One of the men shirked. Although he went through all the motions, he did not help much in the work, while the other used all his strength. Finally, he turned round to his fellow-labourer, and, surveying him from head to foot, said, 'Sambo, are you a Christian?' 'Yes,' 'Then take hold and help.'

PLEASURE FOR A CHILD.—Douglas Jerrold wrote thus pleasantly of child-life: "Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth. Does not almost everybody remember some kind-hearted man who showed him a kindness in the days of his childhood? The writer of this recollects himself, at this moment, as a bare-footed lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village, where, with longing eyes, he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The possessor came forth from his little cottage; he was a wood-cutter by trade and spent the whole day at work in the woods. He was coming into the garden to gather flowers to stick in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations, which were streaked with red and white, he gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver said a word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home. And now, here at a distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since withered, but now it blooms afresh."

REVIVAL AMONG CHILDREN.—During the progress of a revival in a certain church, some years ago, a class of little girls, with a zealous but rather indiscreet Sabbath-school teacher, became much affected. One bright little ten-year-old was especially exercised. One evening as she was sitting in the family circle, learning her Sabbath-school lesson, she exclaimed, "Mamma, Miss—(calling her teacher's name) says she thinks I will come out all right." Astonished, her mother glanced at her older daughters, when one of them very innocently asked, "Come out of what?" Little ten-year-old fidgeted for an instant and blurted out, "Why, out of my grave, I suppose."

CAREFULNESS IN OLD AGE.—An old man is like an old wagon; with light loading and careful usage it will last for years; but one heavy load or sudden strain will break it, and ruin it for ever. Many people reach the age of fifty, sixty, or even seventy, measurably free from most of the pains and infirmities of age, cheery in heart and sound in health, ripe in wisdom and experience, with sympathies mellowed by age, and with reasonable prospects and opportunities for continued usefulness in the world for a considerable time. Let such persons be thankful, but let them also be careful. An old constitution is like an old bone—broken with ease, mended with difficulty. A young tree bends to the gale, an old one snaps and falls before the blast. A single hard lift; an hour of heating work; an evening of exposure to rain or damp; a severe chill; an excess of food; the unusual indulgence of any appetite or passion; a sudden fit of anger; an improper dose of medicine—any of these, or other similar things, may cut off a valuable life in an hour, and leave the fair hopes of usefulness and enjoyment but a shapeless wreck.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

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